

THE POST.

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

AT LEBANON, KY.,
BY W. W. JACK.

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Post's Corner.



AUTUMN.

Sweet Sabbath of the year,
While evening shades decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear,
Sneal from the world away.
Amid thy silent life I dwell,
Thy sad, but sweet to dwell,
Where fading leaves and dewy flowers
Around me breathe far well.
Along the sunset skies
Their glories dim in shreds,
And like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.
A deep and crimson streak
Thy dying leaves disclose;
As, on Consumption's wan cheek,
Mid ruin, blooms the rose.
Thy scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay,
Of fair and early faded things,
Too exquisite to stay.
Of joys that come no more,
Of flowers which bloom is fled,
Of farewells wept upon the shore,
Of friends estranged or dead:
Of all that now may seem,
To memory's fearful eye,
The vanished beauty of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh.

Select Sales.

Only a Country Girl.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

"You are mistaken; I would sooner die than wed a country beauty."
"But, Fred, suppose her intelligent, moral, full of nature's own poetry—tender-hearted, graceful, unspoiled by adulation—a guileless, simple-loving creature."
"Aye!" said Fred, laughing, "a choice cluster of virtues and graces. Country beauties are always sweet and guileless and simple,—so are country cows. No, I tell you if she was as lovely as an angel with the best sense in the world, still, if unskilled in music and literature, with no soul above churning and knitting needles, I wouldn't marry her for a fortune."
"Ha! ha!" laughed Helen Irving; but it was a very dissatisfied laugh away down in one corner of her musical little heart. Hidden by the trunk of a large tree, she sat reading within a few feet only of the egotist.
Another moment, and the young man came within sight. Fred's face was crimson, and he whispered with invisible trepidation, "Do you think she heard?"
"No," rejoined the other, half audibly; "she shows no resentment, she has not even looked up from her book; you are safe—she could not have heard you—but what an angel she is!"
Yes, Helen was an angel, as far as outward beauty might merit the encomium. She sat half reclining on a rustic seat, striving to smooth out the dimples in her cheeks, as she laid the book aside and began to twine a half-finished wreath of wild roses.
Leaning on one white arm, the gnarled oak trunk a back ground, flowers strewn around her, peeping from her bright locks and scattered over her white dress, she sat quite at her ease, apparently unaware that two young gentlemen were so very near.
Approaching with a low bow, on which his mirror has set the seal of faultless elegance, Frederick Lane took the liberty of asking, if the young lady would be kind enough to inform him where a Mr. Irving lived.
With an innocent smile the beauty looked up. "Mr. Irving?—the only Mr. Irving in the village is my father!" she said, rising in a charmingly graceful manner. "The large house," she continued, "on high ground, half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery—that's where we live. I believe it was an academy once—that's a kind of select school, isn't it?"—with the most natural simplicity, turning to Fred.
He replied by another graceful bow.
"Tell your father," said he, "that I shall do him the honor myself to call on him to-morrow. He will remember me—Fred, crick Lane, at your service."
"Yes, sir, I'll tell him," said he, for word, replied Helen, tucking her sleeve round her pretty arm, and making rather a formal courtesy. Then catching up her book and gathering the scattered flowers, she hurried towards home.
"Now, father, mother, aunt, and sis," exclaimed the merry girl, bounding into the room where the family were at supper; "as you and I live, that Mr. Lane, whom you talk so much about in the village, will be here to-morrow—the first proper specimen of a city beau; (as of course he will be) all sentiment, retirement, faultless in kids, and spotless in dicker, important and self-assured, as one of that ilk can possibly be."
"Promise me, all of you, that you'll not slip a word about music, reading, or writing, in my presence—because—because I have a plan. Father will not, I know, only give him a newspaper. Aunt Minnie never talks—I mean in company—and

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mother will be too glad to see me churn butter and mend stockings. See, your rattle of a tongue is the only thing I fear, but if you keep quiet and ask no questions I will give you that work box you have coveted so long."
"Ella, you are not quite respectful," said her father, gravely.
"Forgive me, dear father," and her arms were folded about his neck. "I always mean well, but I'm so thoughtless! There, all is right now," she added, kissing him lovingly on the temple.
"Come, sis, what say you?"
"Why, on that condition, I'll be still as a mouse; but what's your reason?"
"Ah, that's my own!" sang Helen, dancing out of the room.
"You knit admirably," and Fred looked on with an unconscious smile of admiration.
Helen sat at an open window, through which roses thrust their blushing buds, making both a sweet shade and fragrance. The canary overhead burst out every moment in wild snatches of glorious music. Helen was at work on a long blue stocking nearly finished, and her fingers flew like snow-birds.
"You knit admirably; are you fond of it?"
"Yes, quite. I like it better than—than anything else—that is—I mean—I can churn very well."
"And do you read much?"
Fred's glances had traveled from the corners of his eyes over every table, shelf and corner, in search of some book or paper. But not a page, not a leaf, yellow or sear, repaid his search.
"Oh yes," Helen said, with a half-satisfied glance.
"What books, permit me to ask?"
"I read the bible a good deal," she answered gravely.
"Is that all?"
All?—of course not. And yet, what do we not find in that holy volume? His story, poetry, eloquence, romance—the most thrilling pathos—blushing and recollecting herself, she added with a manner as childish as it had been dignified:
"As for other books, let me see—I've got in my library—first, there's the primer,—(counting on her fingers)—second class reader, Robinson Crusoe, nursery tales, fairy tales, two or three elements of something, history of something, biography of some person or other, Mother's Magazine, John Richard the Third—there, isn't that a good assortment?"
"Fred smiled.
"Perhaps I don't know quite as much as those who have been to school more," she added, as if disappointed at his mute rejoinder, "but in making bread, churning butter, and keeping house, I'm not to be outdone."
The young man left her more in pity than in love, but his visits did not always result. He began to feel a magnetic attraction, which he vainly attributed to Helen's beauty; but the truth is, her sweet artlessness of character, engaging manners, and gentle disposition quite won upon the city-bred, aristocratic Fred Lane. There was a freshness and refinement about everything she said and did. She perplexed as well as delighted him.
Often as he was wondering how some homely expression would be received in good society, some beautiful sentiment would suddenly drop like a pearl from her lips, not more remarkable for originality than brilliancy.
"If I should fall in a snare," said he, "I can educate her. It would be worth trying."
It was useless to combat with his passion; so at last he fell at Helen's feet—figuratively speaking—and confessed his love.
"I care not—Helen, only be mine!" was his invariable answer to exclamations of unworthiness; how she would appear in fashionable society, etc.
They were married—had returned from the wedding tour, and, at the expiration of the honeymoon, Fred was more in love than ever. At a grand entertainment, given by the relatives of the bridegroom, Helen looked most beautiful. Her husband did not insist that she should depart from her usual simplicity; and, indeed, without jewels or lace, with only that fresh white robe, simple sash of blue, and ornaments of fair roses, she was the most lovely creature in the room.
As she entered the great saloon, blazing with light, her heart leaped high.
"Shall I love him as dearly," she asked herself; "if I find he is ashamed of me? I cannot bear the thought! But should he overcome all conventional notions, then have I a husband worthy to be honored—then shall he be proud of his wife?"
How she watched him as he presented her to one and another.
"Simple," whispered a magnificent-looking girl, resplendent with diamonds, as she curled her lip and passed by. The observation escaped neither Helen nor her husband. She looked at him. He smiled a lover's smile, and only drew her closer to his side. Many, in that brilliant gathering, pitied poor Fred, wondering why he had married himself on the shrine of ignorant rusticity.
But he, oh joy!—he seemed only to love her the more as she clung to his arm

so timidly. His noble face expressed the pride he truly felt; he looked as if he would have swept back the scornful with one motion of his hand, had they ventured one wave too high on the shore of his pride. He seemed to excuse every look, every word not in strict conformity to etiquette—and Helen's heart beat high, tears came to her eyes, when she thus felt how noble a heart she had won.
The young bride stood near her husband, talking in a low tone, when a new comer appeared. She was a beautiful, slightly formed creature, with haughty features, and ill-concealed scorn lurked in her brilliant eyes, whenever she glanced towards Helen. Once she had held sway over the heart of Fred, and hearing whom he had married, she fancied the hour of triumph had come.
"Do you suppose she knows anything?" said a low voice near her.
Helen's eyes sparkled—her fair brow grew indignant. She turned to her husband. He was gone—speaking at a little distance with a friend.
Presently Marion Summers turned towards her.
"Do you play, Mrs. Lane?" she asked.
"A little," answered Helen, her cheeks burning.
"And sing?"
"A little," was the calm reply.
"Then do favor us," she exclaimed, looking askance at her companions; "come, I myself will lead you to the instrument."
"Hark! who masterly touch!" instantly was the half-spoken word. The cold ear and heart was turned in listening surprise. "Such melody, such correct intonations, such breadth, depth, and vigor of touch—'who is it? She plays like an angel!"
And again hark! A voice rolls out; a flood of melody, clear, powerful, passing sweet—astonishment paints many a fair cheek deeper scarlet. There is silence—unbroken silence, as the silvery tones floated up:
"Aye! ease I not for old neglect,
Though tears unbidden start;
And seem to be a bitter word,
Save when it breaks the heart.
If one be true—
If one be true—
The world may careless be,
Since I may only keep thy love,
And tell my grief to thee."
"Glorious voice!" said Fred to his friend who, with the rest, had paused to listen. "Who can it be?"
The words were suddenly arrested on his lips. She had turned from the piano, and the unknown was his own wife.
"I congratulate you, Fred," said the young man at his side; but he spoke to marble. The color left his cheeks, as he walked slowly toward her.
If he was speechless with amazement, she was not so. A rich bloom mantled her cheeks—triumphs in her eyes sparkle as they never did before—they flashed like diamonds. A crowd gathered to compliment her. In graceful acknowledgment, she blended wit and humor.
"How well she talks—who would have thought it! Fred's little wife—he has found a treasure," was whispered round the room.
Meanwhile, Frederick Lane, Esq., stood like one enchanted, while his poor little rustic wife quoted books and authors with perfect abandon—admired this one, commended that. A sedate looking student lost himself in a Latin quotation; Helen smilingly finished it and received a look eloquent with thanks. Bon Mots, repartee, language rich in fancy and imagery, fell from her beautiful lips, as if she had received a touch from some fairy wand.
Still Fred walked by her side like one in a dream—pressed his hand over his bewildered sight to be sure of his senses—When he saw her bending, breathing vision of loveliness, over the harp—her full arm leaning on its golden strings—hear again the rich voice, now plaintive with some tender memory, rise and fall in sweet and sorrowful cadence.
"Tell me," he said, when once alone with her, "what does this mean; who are you? I feel like one awakening from a dream."
"Only a country girl," said Helen gravely; then falling into her husband's arms, she exclaimed:
"Forgive me; I am that very little rustic whom you said you'd rather die than wed. Are you sorry you married me?"
"Sorry, my glorious wife! But, Ella, you should not surely deceive me. Did I not understand that you had never—"
"Been to an academy," she broke in; "never took a music lesson, never was taught to sing—all true. And yet I am all you see to-night—myself my own teacher; with labor and diligence, I trust I am worthy to be the wife of one so good and exalted, as I find my husband to be."
Reader, wouldn't you and I like to be there just now and hear her story; she laughing between whisks, her pretty feet all dimples, as she tells him how she banished piano, books, harp, portfolio, music, all in an empty room by themselves, and lock the door, leaving them to seclusion and dust; while the little country girl, without any very deep-laid scheme, succeeded in convincing a well-bred city gentleman that he could marry a charming rustic, even though her fingers were more familiar with churn and knitting needles than the piano and harp.

The Hunter's Ruse.

In the year 18—, I undertook the perilous journey of crossing the Plains. Our company was composed of nine persons; among the number was Bill Johnson, formerly a hunter and trapper of the West.
At the close of a beautiful day in May, we found ourselves seated around a blazing camp fire upon the banks of the Little Blue River, some two hundred miles from St. Joseph, Missouri. Some of the company had spread a blanket upon the grass, while myself and Bill Johnson were eagerly discussing the propriety of having an antelope hunt on the succeeding day. We soon came to the conclusion that we would spend the day in hunting, as our train was going to stop here several days to recruit our animals. I cannot say that I enjoyed a sound slumber at night, because I was anxious that morning should arrive, for I expected rare sport on the coming day. The much wished-for morning came at last, and after dispatching a hasty breakfast, and informing our comrades that we would return by sunset, we departed with our rifles on our shoulders.
For three hours we traveled in a southerly direction from the camp, without seeing any game at all, and being somewhat tired and disappointed, we concluded to seek shelter from the rays of the burning sun, and take a short rest. Following up a ravine a short distance, we came to a sink, or hole, some twenty feet deep, the sides of which were of a solid rock and almost perpendicular. Carefully examining this curious spot, we at length discovered an excavation in the wall, just large enough to admit a man with ease. This was soon accomplished, and we found ourselves in an apartment about nine feet square, with walls of solid rock. This we thought would afford us the desired shelter, and we were just comfortably seated, when my companion hastily sprang to his feet, saying:
"Be silent; I hear a rustling in the grass, which is probably caused by an elk or an antelope. You stay here." And seizing his rifle he stole cautiously down the ravine.
He was soon lost to view among the shrubbery which skirted the ravine, leaving me alone to meditate upon the probable cause of the noise we had just heard. But I was soon startled and surprised by seeing my companion running towards the cave, with anxiety and alarm plainly depicted upon his countenance.
"Injuns, by G—!" he exclaimed as he rushed into the cave.
Then he commenced blocking up the entrance with loose stones and fragments of rock which lay scattered around. This awakened me to a sense of the danger we were in, as at that time the Pawnee Indians were known to be hostile to the whites, and all who fell into their hands.—To my inquiries of how many there were of our enemies, my companion replied:
"There are two, mounted on fleet horses, armed with rifles, and most hideously painted."
Our enemies were probably aware of refuge, for instead of coming up in front of the cave, they crept cautiously around to the edge of the sink, and stationed themselves out of the reach of our rifles, but so as to command the entrance to our subterranean retreat. Their persons were out of our view, but by their shadows upon the opposite wall we could note their maneuvers.
They evidently thought there was but one of us, but at that they did not deem it prudent to make a bold attack in front, for by so doing they would expose their person to danger; therefore they choose the less dangerous plan of starving us to death, compelling us to surrender, or to shoot us if we attempted to escape.—Thus in a manner we were completely in the power of these savages, unless by some stratagem we could manage to escape. But soon night set in and spread her mantle of darkness over the land, making our situation more dismal than before. My companion took his station at the entrance, ready to give the savages a warm reception if they attempted to make any attack.
I was not capable of enduring such hardships as my companion, therefore he advised me to seek that repose so much needed, while he watched the maneuvers of the enemy. I laid down upon the hard floor of the cavern, and soon fell asleep. I intended to relieve my companion in guarding about midnight, but so soundly did I sleep that the dawn of day was just breaking in the east when I awoke.
Still at his post stood the old hunter, without a visible trace of fatigue or suffering upon his manly countenance. With the exception of the lone shriek of the coyote in the distant hills, all was silent without, and I, thinking the coast clear, was about to pass out, when my companion pulled me back, and in a low whisper he said:
"Do not move, now is our most dangerous time; but I will follow 'em yet, don't em!" And immediately placing his hand upon the muzzle of his gun, he slowly moved it through the entrance. The Indians, who were on the lookout, perceiving this, mistook it for his head and fired; two balls piercing the crown of his hat.—Dropping it, we supposed the Indians would show themselves. But not so—

My companion, seeing this scheme was about to fail, commenced making loud groans like one in mortal agony. This the savages took as a sure indication that their balls had took effect, and giving a yell of triumph, which demons might have envied, they rushed out in full view.
"Fire!" cried my companion, and the next moment the sharp report of our rifles rang through the cavern, while our enemies, giving a simultaneous bound, fell with a crushing sound upon the bottom of the sink—each one a corpse!
Placing the dead bodies in the cave, we mounted our enemies' horses, and were soon galloping into camp, to the gratification of our friends, who supposed we had fallen into the hands of the merciless Pawnees.
And now, though years have passed, and the memory of Bill Johnson is laid in the silent grave, I respect the memory of him as a true friend and brave man in times of peril.
From the Louisville Journal.
The Lebanon Branch Railroad.
The grading of the last section of 23 miles of the Lebanon branch of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, commencing at the town of New Haven in Nelson county and ending at Lebanon in Marion county, has been completed. The city of Louisville has subscribed bonds to the amount of \$8,000 per mile to be applied to this road as soon as this section is ready for the rails. The bonds are to be issued after a personal examination by a committee appointed by the General Council.—The committee, consisting of D. T. Monson, from the Common Council, J. T. Burton from the Board of Aldermen, John W. Gray, assistant city engineer, and T. C. Pomeroy, have just returned from the mission, and speak in very flattering terms of the neat, substantial, and workmanlike manner in which the road bed has been constructed. For directness of line, easy grade, and durability, it cannot be surpassed by any road in the West.—Of the bridge masonry, culverts, &c., the committee speak with great praise. Several large arch culverts have been built by farmers.
The committee commenced their examination at Lebanon. They were accompanied by Ben. Spalding, Esq., vice president of the road, and several other gentlemen.
The road passes through a country, the greater portion of which cannot be excelled in any part of the State. The fifteen counties which have no other outlet but this road, cannot fail to make it one of the best paying roads. In Marion county alone there are 60,000 bushels of wheat and many hogheads of tobacco waiting for a market. The citizens of these counties are alive to their interests, and are liberally extending their aid to the road. Some of them have determined to turn out with their teams and haul the ready framed bridges to their respective sites free of charge, in order that there may be no delay in laying the rails. We congratulate our friends in that section on the prospect of the early completion of this great work, which will give them the benefit of a good market and greatly enhance the value of our city.
The branch leaves the L. & N. R. R. 20 miles from Louisville, and is about 37 miles in length. Upon 5 miles of it the track is already laid. The track will be laid to New Haven by the first of December, and, if the iron is ready, the road will be entirely completed by the first of January, when we will be most happy to give our Lebanon friends a hearty welcome in two hours after they leave home, and also to furnish them a good market for all kinds of productions in which that section abounds.
Once, a long while ago, I went out in my apple orchard and climbed a pear tree to get some peaches to make my vow a plain pudding; and when I got to the topmost branch, I fell from the lowest limb down with one leg on both sides of the fence, and like to stove my outsides in.
The following, verbatim et literatim, was lately received by one of the undertakers of this city, from an afflicted widow living not many miles from the city: "Mr. Gemmery my wife is dead, and wants to be buried. Digg a Grave for her, and she shall come and be buried tomorrow at whatever place you nose were to dig it by me too other wives—let it be deep."
Timely hints as applied to children:
When you consent, consent cordially.
When you refuse, refuse bravely.
When you punish, punish good naturedly.
Commend often, never scold.
The Jersey City Telegraph is a decidedly funny paper. Here is a story original with it:
A young gentleman of estimable character, and extended acquaintance, was seriously injured in the legs last Sunday night, by trying to take home two ladies at once. The flesh about his ankles was completely worn off by the ladies' hoops—of course his pants were ruined.
A kiss on the forehead denotes respect; on the cheek, friendship, on the eye lids, tenderness; and on the lips, love.

Conquering by Kindness.

I once had a neighbor—a devil man—who came to me one day, and said:
"Equire Willie, I want you to come and get your geese away."
"Why," says I, "what are my geese doing?"
"They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and drive them away, and I will not have it."
"What can I do?" said I.
"Let me take care of them," said I. "I do not see but that they must run." "If you do not take care of them, I shall," said the shoemaker in answer.—"What do you say, Equire Willie?"
"I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay all damages."
"Well," said he, "you will find that a hard thing to do, I guess."
"So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese."
The next news was, that three of them were missing. My children went and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes.
"Now," said I, "I'll keep still, and let me punish him."
In a few days the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them, but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it on the road. By this time the shoemaker came up in great haste after them.
"Have you seen my hogs," said he.
"Yes sir, you will find them yonder, eating some corn which they tore down in my field."
"In your field?"
"Yes, sir," said I, "hogs love corn, you know, they were made to eat it."
"How much mischief have they done?"
"O, not much," said I.
Well, off he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn.
"O, no," said I, "it can't be."
"Yes," said the shoemaker, "and I will pay you every cent of the damage."
The shoemaker rushed and went home. The next winter, when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn.
"No," said I, "I shall take nothing."
After some talk, we parted; but in a few days I met him on the road, and we fell into conversation in a friendly manner.—But when I started on, he seemed loth to move, and pause. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said:
"I have something laboring on my mind."
"Well, what is it?"
Those geese, I killed four of your geese, and I shall never rest until you know how I feel; I am very sorry. And the tears came into his eyes.
"O, well," said I, "never mind; I suppose my geese were provoking."
I never took anything of him for it; but when my cattle broke into his fields after this, he seen it glib, because he could show how patient he could be.
"Now," said I to my children, "conquer yourselves, and your conquer with kindness, where you can conquer in no other way."
Two Women Eaten by Wolves.—Our pen has seldom had to record a more heart rending circumstance than we are about to relate.—Some days ago in the northern extremity of the township of Mornington, two females went out in the evening in search of their cows, and not returning that night, search was made in the morning, when their skeletons were only to be found, their flesh having been devoured by the wolves. We are regrettable to record the particulars—the sad outlines only having as yet reached us.—Our informant also states that a man in that locality has been missing for the last ten days. No trace of him can be found yet, and fears are entertained that he met the same lamentable fate as the unfortunate women.
The wolves were never before known to be so numerous or ravenous as they are this season in this section of the country. It is regarded as unsafe to be alone on the public highways after dark. Reports are reaching us almost every week of some of their ravages through the county. Almost every body has been visited by them and mischief done to a greater or less extent. A farmer in North Easthope had thirty sheep killed in one single night by them. They drove them to the lair yard and killed them there. A few of his previous they killed twelve belonging to the same man. Bears are also numerous and remarkably saucy. A Mr. Beuret, of Mornington, was attacked a short time ago in his own field a little after dark, by an old bear with three cubs. He fought her off till some one of the neighbors came to his relief. An immense one was killed in Mornington a few days ago.
Dunfrie (Canada Ws.) Reformer.
"Tom, why did you not marry Miss G—?" "Oh! she had a set of ladies in her speech so I left her." "A lady in her speech. I never heard that before. Are you not mistaken?" "No—not at all; for when I asked her if she'd have me, she kind of hesitated so long that I cut out for another girl."

"Here is the concluding verse of a poem" by the Western Democrat, on the "Union of Sun Know-nothing and the Northern maiden, Black-Republicanism." Read it:

THEY EMERGE,
Fly around the bob tail,
Tangle up feather beds,
Center up rag-tag,
"Sell in" woolly heads,
Walk in Frequent,
On the Union temple,
Take a hand at Free-love,
Your nation's good example;
Pass around the beef-steak,
That Jesse's husband stole,
Go to flounder with your pork
Unless the hog is whole,
Pitch in "whiffy" being so,
With Frezwick in the corner,
Fly around free niggers,
Old Buck a "goner."

Too SMART.—The other day, one of the widow B.'s admirers was complaining of the tooth-ache.
Mrs. B.'s boy immediately spoke up:
"Well, sir, why don't you do as ma does? She takes her teeth out and puts them back whenever she wants to."

A few minutes after, the boy was whipped on some pretext or other.

GROANS.

"Ablever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay!"

Our Main street neighbor has simmered down considerably. Hear him take on.

"Let no benighted sag night and anti-American suppose that because we are bent again, that the American party intends to ground their arms."—News.

Oh no, we don't suppose "the" party will ground "their" arms. The whole thing, legs, "arms" and all, is run into the ground far enough.

"Should the American party which has only just sprung up be disheartened, never!"—News.

We don't know any American (oh!) party which has just "sprung up." We used to know a bogus American concern that has just sprung down.—Johnson's Age.

AWFUL COX.—"Why is tobacco chewing like a goose in a Dutch oven?"

"Because he is always on the spit."

The young man who perpetrated this, has been wrapped in flannel from head to foot, and laid upon a shelf in the front room over der "mashchen."

"Many a young lady who objects to be kissed under the misletoe, has no objection to be kissed under the rose."

A stupid compositor made an error in the above rendering it so as to say, "has no objection to be kissed under the nose."

Paddy, attending a "Broadbrim" convention for the first time, was much astonished and puzzled withal at the manner of worship. Having been told that the "brethren spake even as they were moved by the spirits," he watched the proceedings with increasing disgust for their "haythen way of worship," till one young Quaker arose and commenced solemnly:

"Brethren, I have married."

"The devil ye hev," interrupted Pat.

The Quaker sat down in confusion, but the spirit moving Pat no further, the young man mustered courage and broke forth again:

"Brethren, I have married a daughter of the Lord."

"The devil ye hev that!" said Pat, "but it'll be a long while before iver ye'll see yer father-in-law."

COXFAB.—Dutelman—Good morer, Patrick, how you tuz?

Irishman—Good morning tell ye Mike; d'ye think we'll get rain to-day?

Dutelman—Kess on; ve nefer has much rain in a very dry time.

Irishman—Faith, an' ye're right there, Mike; and thin whenever it gits in the way o'rainin' the devil a bit of dhyr wither will we have as long as the wet spell howlds.

ADVERTISING.—In one of the probers of Solomon we find the most comprehensive and satisfactory exposition of the philosophy of advertising that ever was overer could be written, viz:

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more that is met, but it tendeth to poverty."

And the words of Paul to the Corinthians aptly express the same idea:

"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

Mr. Fillmore may not be the President elect, but he is what is better, Henry Clay said: "I would rather be right than be President." Millard Fillmore is right.

Yes! He's "right on the goose."

BLACK CARPET BAGS.—We notice several lawyers, with black carpet bags, in attendance upon our court. Where is Prentice?—Johnson's Age.

"Love your neighbor as you love yourself," said a parson to an honest member of his flock. "The Lord help him, then, for I hate myself like pizen ever since I jined the know nothings last fall!"

Dr. Kitchner, of London musical notoriety, held frequent evening conversations with a view to decorum, placed a small placard over the parlor chimney piece, inscribed:

"Come at seven, go at eleven!"

but George Colman, to whom such early hours were an abomination, one evening took occasion by inserting a small placard to materially alter the reading:

"Come at seven, go it at eleven!"

What is the difference between filling a pitcher with water, and throwing a woman overboard? One is "water in the pitcher," and the other, "pitch her in the water."

A little child died in Baltimore lately from eating fiction matches.

"Miss Brown, I have been to learn to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brisk brimmet; "just give me your hand, if you please."

"La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, ask pa."

A sullen man is bad enough, in all conscience, but what must be a sulky woman, and that woman a wife—the constant inmate of your house!

SILVERED OR STOLN.—Four hogs, black and white spotted—belonging to Middleton, of the Shelby News. Whoever stole them hogs is mean enough to be a "black carpet bag man"—mean enough to steal a blind drinke's coppers, and kick him because they wasn't silver. He's too mean to talk about—so mean that comparison utterly fails to reach his case. Steal a Printer's hogs!—what a comment on "total depravity!"—Dan Tribune.

There are now 150 pairs of coal boats, says the Pittsburg Post, loaded and ready to go down on the first rise. This will give employment in the tip to 2,700 men. A good deal of it is loaded for New Orleans.

REEDER IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.—The county in Pennsylvania in which the notorious Reeder, the author of the Kansas disturbances resides, gave an increased majority for the Democrats of over one thousand. Northampton has the same opinion of Shrieker patriotism as Dearborn county, Indiana, where the residence of Lane doubled the usual democratic majority. Kansas patriotism seems to be at a discount.—Ind. Sentinel.

Home Remedies.

In another column of to-day's paper will be found the advertisement of L. H. NOLLE & Co. Their preparations are made among us and are known to be at least equal, if not superior to any others of similar kinds put up anywhere. The Chill and Fever Remedy has no superior, as can be satisfactorily shown by those who have been cured by it. The sale has been so great for the past few weeks, and the satisfaction it has given so general, that the proprietors will, in the course of a few coming weeks, send to different parts of the country one hundred dozen.

This remedy is not only safe and certain, but by its combining in just proportions the properties of a Tonic and Anti-Petiodic, Cathartic, and Diaphoretic; it needs no other medicine to accompany it; and besides it leaves the system free in a great measure, from the usual tendency to a return of the disease.

The Sarsaparilla is the official preparation, made after the formula of the United States Dispensary, and contains only the pure and fresh Honduras Root. It is recommended by our Physicians as superior to any other in the market. Its rapid sale among us, to those who know its qualities and the manner of its preparation would seem to be its best recommendation.

Of the Extract of Jamaica Ginger, there need be nothing said. It has been in use extensively for three years past and gives general satisfaction.

These preparations are not Patent Medicines. There is no secret about them. The public can see the formula by which they are prepared, and any respectable Physician can have the same by application to the proprietors in person or by letter.

These remedies can always be had, wholesale or retail, of the proprietors, at their Drug Store in Lebanon, Ky., and of Druggists generally.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.
TWELFTH YEAR!

One Thousand Dollar Cash Prizes!!

The Twelfth Annual Volume of this useful publication commences on the 13th day of September next.

The Scientific American is an illustrated periodical, devoted chiefly to the promulgation of information relating to the various Mechanic and Chemie Arts, Industrial Manufactures, Agriculture, Patents, Inventions, Engineering, Millwork, and all interests which the light of practical science is calculated to advance.

Reports of U. S. Patents granted are also published every week, including official copies of all the Patent claims, together with news and information upon thousands of other subjects.

\$1000—in cash prizes—will be paid on the 1st of January next, for the largest list of subscribers, as follows: \$200 for the 1st; \$175 for the 2nd; \$150 for the 3rd; \$125 for the 4th; \$100 for the 5th; \$75 for the 6th; \$50 for the 7th; 40 for the 8th; \$30 for the 9th; \$25 for the 10th; \$20 for the 11th; and \$10 for the 12th. For all clubs of 20 and upwards, the subscription price is only \$1 40. Names can be sent from any Post-office until January 1st, 1857. Here are fine chances to secure cash prizes.

The Scientific American is published once a week; every number contains eight large quarto pages, forming annually a complete and splendid volume, illustrated with several hundred original engravings.

TERMS:—Single subscriptions, \$2 a year, or \$1 for six months. Five copies, for six months, \$4; for a year, \$8. Specimen copies sent gratis.

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Messrs. Munn & Co. are extensively engaged in procuring patents for new inventions, and will advise inventors, without charge, in regard to the novelty of their improvements.

PROSPECTUS OF THE POST.

Believing as we do, that the perpetuity, welfare, and prosperity of our beloved country have been jeopardized by the fanatics of the North; we, the undersigned, have come to the conclusion that our voice as a public journalist should be put forward in defense of those things hitherto held sacred by every one who breathed the free air of America; be they Catholic or Protestant; native born or foreign-born. The Constitution of the United States guarantees to every man, who, either is accidentally born within her limits, or swears eternally allegiance to her laws; protection, suffrage, and the right, (particularly,) to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Therefore, conceiving as we do, that the DEMOCRATIC PARTY, is the only one that advocates "Equal Rights to all, and exclusive privileges to none," we shall, in public, as we have heretofore in private, advocate and support the tenets of the Democratic Party. We have had it too often thrown in our teeth, when we wished to show up folly in its true color, that we were "unneutral," and consequently had no right to say anything in regard to any political subject, either privately or publicly. We have got tired of this, and although the bustle and commotion of politics suits not our inclination; yet, under the exigencies of the case, we think it our imperative duty to publish a strictly

DEMOCRATIC PAPER.

Those who take our paper heretofore, shall never have the pleasure of saying to us that we have transcended the bounds of "neutrality," for we intend to have the privilege of saying what we please, and, bearing as we do, the burden of TRUTH, we fear not the arrows of error. In thus throwing broadcast, the glorious old banner of Democracy, which we have been forced to do by inadvertent circumstances, which we will explain hereafter, we have only acted in self-defense; but of that, more anon.

Hereafter, our pen, humble and feeble though it be, will be dedicated to the Democratic principles, whilst at the same time, we will not forget to place before our readers each week, matter for their amusement, edification and instruction.

TERMS:—THE POST will be furnished to subscribers at \$2 00 per year, if paid in advance. When payment is delayed for six months, \$2 50 will be exacted, and when payments are delayed until the end of the year, \$3 00 will, in all cases, be exacted. Clubs of ten or more, however, will be taken at \$1 50 each, where the money accompanies the list.

W. W. JACK,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
LEBANON, KY., December 1st, 1855.

Scott's Weekly Paper.

The Publishers of this large and popular Family Journal offers for the coming year, (1854) a combination of literary attractions heretofore unattained by any of the Philadelphia Weeklies. Among the new features will be a new and brilliant series of Original Romances by George Lippard, entitled "Legends of the Last Century." All who have read Mr. Lippard's celebrated Legends of the American Revolution published for fifty-six consecutive weeks in the Saturday Courier, will find these pictures of French and American History endowed with all the power and brilliancy of his previous productions. The first of a series of Original Novellettes, called "Morris Hartley," or the Knights of the Mystic Valley, by Harrison W. Ainsworth, is about to be commenced. It will be handsomely illustrated with 12 fine engravings, and its startling incidents cannot fail to elicit undivided praise. Emerson Bennett, the distinguished Novelist, the favorite of the West, and the author of some of the finest productions ever read, is also engaged to furnish a brilliant Novellette to follow the above. Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison, author of Home Pictures, Patience Worthington and her Grandmother, &c., will contribute a splendid Domestic Novellette, entitled the "Old Ivy Grove," and H. C. Watson an illustrated Story called the "Two Edged Knife"—a graphic picture of Early Life in Old Kentucky. To these will be added Original Contributions and selections from Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Clara Clairville, Lillie Libery, Grace Greenwood, and other distinguished writers; the news of the day, graphic editorials, full reports of the provision, money, and stock markets, letters from travelers at home and abroad, &c., &c.

TERMS.—One copy, one year, \$2; two copies, one year, \$3; four copies one year, \$5; nine copies, one year, and one to the getter-up of the club, \$10; twenty copies, one year, and one to the getter up of the club, \$20. Address,

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LEONARD EDELEN,
Lebanon, May 5.

THE BRITISH PERIODICALS,
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CONTINUE to publish the four leading British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine; in addition to which they have recently commenced the publication of a valuable Agricultural work, called the

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This highly valuable work will comprise two large royal octavo volumes, containing over 1400 pages, with 18 or 20 splendid steel engravings, and more than 600 engravings on wood, in the highest style of the art, illustrating almost every implement of husbandry now in use by the best farmers, the best methods of plowing, planting, haying, harvesting, &c., &c., the various domestic animals in their highest perfection; in short the pictorial feature of the book is unique, and will render it of incalculable value to the student of Agriculture.

This work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the Steel engravings, and is sold at 25 cents each, or \$5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two.

The British Periodicals Re-published are as follows, viz:

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative),
The Edinburgh Review (Whig),
The North British Review (Free Church),
The Westminster Review (Liberal), and
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory)

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. Blackwood, still under the masterly guidance of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Caxtons" and "My New Novel," (both by Bulwer), "My Peninsular Medal," "The Green Hand," and others, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by those publishers from the pages of Blackwood.

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W. W. JACK

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During the year a number of Original Stories, written expressly for its columns, will be published.

Extra efforts will be made to increase its reputation as the best newspaper in the West; and we shall continue, by the agency of active special correspondents, to publish news by telegraph and the mails, in advance of all contemporaries.

Its commercial reports will be full, accurate and reliable.

In politics the Courier is Native-American-National Whig. It believes the period for nationalization should be extended; that the ballot box should be more carefully guarded; and that stringent laws should be enacted to prevent pauper and criminal emigration. But in Know-Nothingism it sees the most dangerous and subtle foe to Southern rights and interests, and will oppose it and its Abolitionism, its proscriptions, its intolerance, its corruption and its bigotry, earnestly and zealously. Its tone will be bold and independent, always approving the right and fearlessly condemning the wrong.

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